MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY

Based on the movie!

# Stefan's Story

A PRICE STERN SLOAN READER

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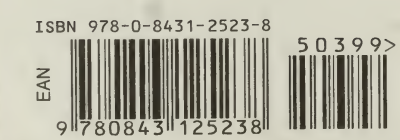

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# MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY

## Stefan's Story

A PRICE STERN SLOAN READER

Adapted by Cynthia Stierle

Based on the original character created by
Rowan Atkinson and Richard Curtis

Based on the motion picture screenplay by
Hamish McColl and Robin Driscoll

PSS!
PRICE STERN SLOAN

# Chapter 1

Hi! My name is Stefan and I'm eight years old. I'm from Russia, but this story happened in France. It's all about the time I met a strange Englishman named Mr. Bean. The first time I saw him was on a busy road in Paris . . .

Cars were speeding past him, but Mr. Bean didn't seem to notice. He had a suitcase and a compass, and he looked totally lost.

*I always get in trouble when I play in the street. Grown-ups are so lucky,* I thought.

After that I didn't think too much about Mr. Bean. I was too excited about my vacation. Papa and I were meeting my mother in the city of Cannes. There's a huge film festival there every year.

Papa was judging the films, because he's a famous Russian director. That would be the boring part of vacation. But after the festival, Mama, Papa, and I were going to go to the beach!

When Papa and I arrived at the train station, we got on board the train headed to Cannes. But we had to wait forever.

"Is this train *ever* going to move?" I asked Papa. He laughed and said everyone had to get on it first. Then he left to get us something to drink. I watched people board the train, wishing they would hurry up. That's when I saw Mr. Bean again. Now he was carrying a video camera instead of a compass.

Just as Papa was about to board the train again with our drinks, Mr. Bean stopped him and gave Papa the video camera. He wanted Papa to film him getting on the train. I think Mr. Bean wanted to be a famous film director like Papa. He kept showing Papa where to stand so the scene would be just right. *Who does this guy think he is?* I thought.

Papa set our drinks on the ground and started to film. But just as Mr. Bean walked into the camera's view, a long luggage trolley rolled by. Cut!

Mr. Bean wanted Papa to shoot the scene again. But he accidentally knocked over Papa's coffee, and then slipped in it. Cut! I laughed. *This guy will never be a movie star,* I thought.

Papa was giving Mr. Bean the look that he usually gives me when I'm driving him crazy. Mr. Bean boarded the train and waved to the camera. They were finally done. Papa handed the camera to Mr. Bean and went back to get my drink.

But then the doors closed, and the train began to pull out of the station.

Papa banged on the doors, but they didn't open.

"Papa! What's happening? What should I do?" I shouted out the window.

"Next stop! Stefan! Get off at the next stop!" Papa called as he ran down the platform.

As the train headed out of the station, I watched Papa disappear. I was pretty scared, and pretty angry. I scowled at Mr. Bean.

# Chapter 2

The scenery outside the window passed by in a blur. I usually like train rides, but not this time. I sat down and put my head in my hands. I was all alone in a strange country.

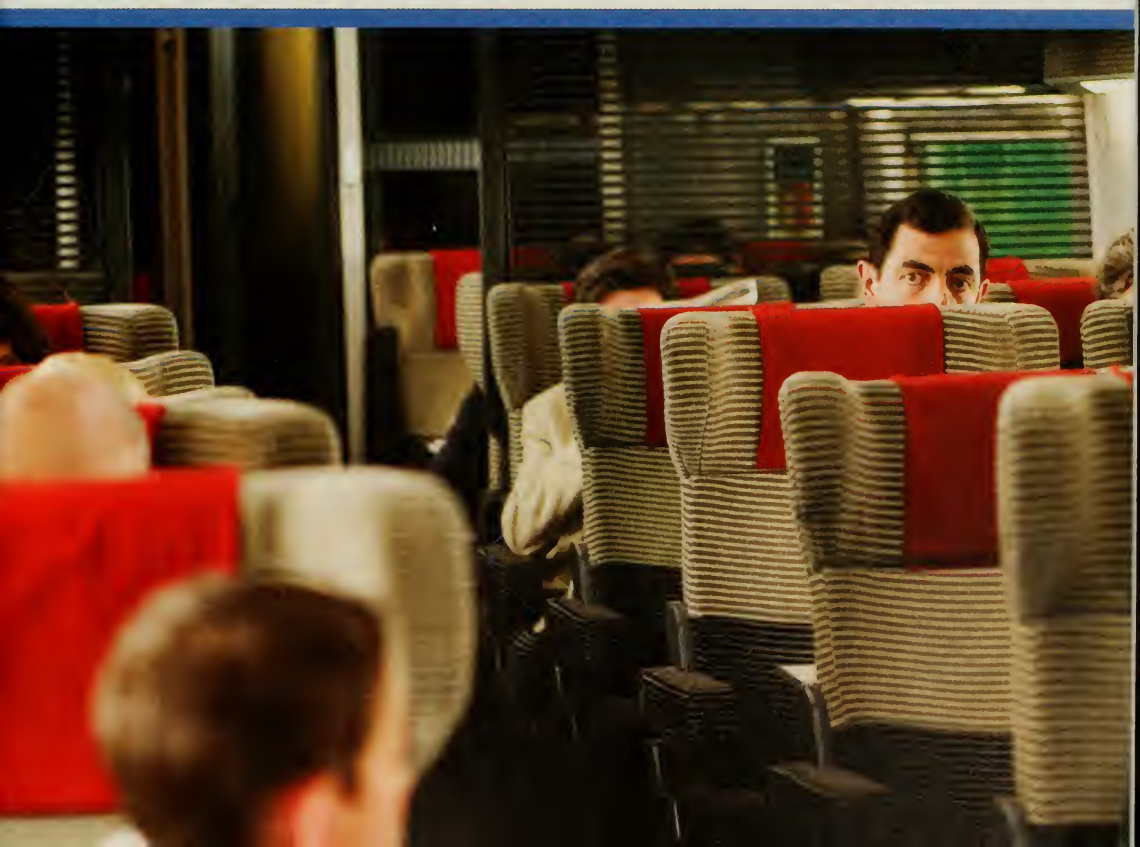
But when I looked up, I realized I wasn't alone. That stupid Mr. Bean who made Papa miss the train was sitting next to me! He was the last person I wanted to see and I let him know it—I slapped him across the face.

Mr. Bean sat at the other end of the car after that. I didn't care. *Idiot*. In a little

while, the conductor came by to ask for my ticket. I didn't have one, since Papa had been carrying our tickets, so I pointed to Mr. Bean. The least he could do was give me his ticket. He did, but now he didn't have one for himself.

"I hope the conductor kicks him off the train," I muttered. It would serve him right.

The train pulled up to the next stop. Papa had said to get off there, so I stood up.



That's when I noticed that Mr. Bean had left his video camera on the seat.

*Finders keepers, losers weepers,* I thought. I grabbed the camera and hopped off the train.

To my surprise, Mr. Bean got off the train, too. Then he got on. Then off. Then on.

*Make up your mind,* I thought as I filmed him with his camera.

Then Mr. Bean noticed that I had his camera. He hopped off the train and came running over to get it back. But when the train pulled out of the station, Mr. Bean forgot about the camera and went running after the train—the idiot left his luggage on there! He was so busy watching the train that he didn't watch where he was going. He ran right off the end of the platform.

And I got it all on film!

# Chapter 3

I've always thought "hopping mad" was a funny English saying, but it was even funnier to watch. Mr. Bean climbed back up on the platform and jumped around like he had springs on his feet.

I could tell he was angry. But I didn't care—this was all his fault!

I gave the camera back to him. I didn't need it anyway. Before I could say anything I heard the next train rumbling into the station. I jumped up—Papa was on that train!

*HONK! HONK!* The train whistle blew. The train wasn't slowing down and it wasn't stopping at this station! Papa stood at a window, holding up a sign that read CANNES. He had written his cell phone number underneath.

I raced after the train, trying to read the number. But it was going so fast! "Papa!" I shouted. I panicked. *How will I remember the number?* I turned and saw Mr. Bean was filming the cell number on his camera. Or maybe he just wanted to add to his movie. I wasn't sure. Still, it was a pretty good idea . . .

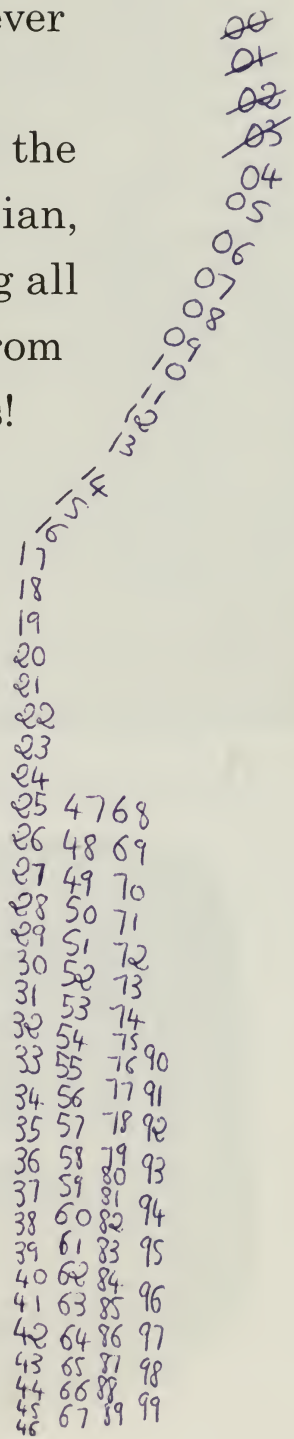
I didn't have a cell phone—I'm just a little kid. But neither did Mr. Bean. *Doesn't every grown-up have one?* I wondered. Mr. Bean pointed to a pay phone, and we walked over. *At least he has money,* I thought. We watched the video playback to get Papa's cell phone number. But Papa's fingers were covering the last two digits. I wanted to scream. I just wanted to get to the beach,

and now it looked like it was never going to happen!

Then I had an idea. "Give me the pen," I said to Mr. Bean in Russian, grabbing for it. I started writing all the combinations of numbers from 00 to 99—one hundred numbers! The last two numbers of Papa's cell phone number had to be on the list somewhere.

Mr. Bean took out his wallet and put money into the phone. He dialed and handed the phone to me. I listened. "*Nyet,*" I said to him. It was a wrong number. He crossed 00 off of the list and tried 01. It was another wrong number.

*I'll never make it to the beach!* I thought.



*It'll be faster just to take another train to Cannes,* I decided. I ran onto the next train that came into the station and hopped aboard.

I wanted Mr. Bean to follow me. After all, I needed someone to pay for the tickets.

"Get on! Hurry up and get on!" I shouted in Russian.

Mr. Bean raced across the platform and made it on the train just as the doors closed. But I should have realized he wouldn't be much help. Mr. Bean had left his wallet at the pay phone! A lot of help he was!

Without money for tickets, we were thrown off the train at the next stop.

Mr. Bean didn't know what to do. He sat down on a bench and put his head in his hands. I did the same. Mr. Bean crossed his legs. I crossed my legs. He looked at his hands. I looked at mine.

I finally stopped. Teasing Mr. Bean wasn't going to get me to Cannes, even if it was fun. I had to think of something else.

# Chapter 4

We went inside the station. There was a long row of pay phones there. Mr. Bean had a few coins left. We tried a few more cell phone numbers, but we had no luck.

*We need more coins,* I thought. I started checking the coin returns on all the pay phones. Mr. Bean was busy making faces at the security camera.

There was a kind-looking woman sitting on a bench. I tried to look very sad. "Please, I need money to see my papa," I told her in

Russian. It worked! The woman felt sorry for me and gave me a few coins.

Mr. Bean tried my idea himself. "Droski tum pulski popov," he said to the woman. It didn't work. It also didn't mean anything.

A few coins wouldn't get us very far, but I had a plan. There was a slot machine in the train station. Maybe I could win enough money for a train ticket.

Mr. Bean saw what I was going to do and nodded. I put the first coin in and won . . . nothing. I didn't win with the second or third coins, either.

GARE

Mr. Bean gave the machine a flying karate kick. Then he shook it. The stationmaster came out and told Mr. Bean to leave the machine alone. Just then, coins started pouring out of the machine. Jackpot!

Mr. Bean and I both grabbed a handful of coins and ran!

# Chapter 5

It was dark by the time we reached the next bus station. We had been walking for hours. *This is the worst vacation ever,* I thought. I lay down on a bench and went to sleep.

When we woke up the next morning, the empty bus station had transformed into a busy market! As we walked around, we saw some traveling musicians. They were performing, and the people watching them were throwing money into a case.

That gave Mr. Bean an idea. When the musicians stopped playing, he took the stage. He put a handkerchief on the ground to collect money. While I distracted a vendor at a music stall, Mr. Bean borrowed some CDs and a speaker.

It was showtime! Music blared over the speaker, and Mr. Bean started to dance.

He shook his hips. He waved his arms. He even played air guitar. It was quite a show . . . just not a good one. No one gave him any money.

Dancing wasn't working, so Mr. Bean tried again. This time he pretended to sing an opera. It was about a poor mother and her dying child. He put a sweater on his head and pretended to be the mother.

Mr. Bean looked at me. He wanted me to play the dying child. I shook my head. *No way!* I thought. *I'll die of embarrassment.* But Mr. Bean dragged me into it, so I died—in the opera, anyway. I closed my eyes. *At least I don't have to watch,* I thought.

A crowd gathered around us. Mr. Bean pretended to sing. I pretended to be dead. And when the opera was finished, the crowd actually clapped. Even the traveling musicians cheered. Best of all, we got lots of money!

# Chapter 6

I was starting to like Mr. Bean.

Now we had enough money for two bus tickets and two ice-cream cones. *Finally,* I thought, *we're going to Cannes.* I gave the bus driver my ticket. Mr. Bean was holding the two ice creams. He had his ticket in his mouth.

The bus driver asked Mr. Bean if he was going to Cannes.

*"Oui,"* he replied, which I know means *yes* in French. It was the only French word

I ever heard Mr. Bean say. But when he opened his mouth, the ticket fluttered away.

Mr. Bean handed me the ice creams and chased after his ticket.

I laughed as I watched Mr. Bean chase the ticket. First it got caught on a woman's shoe. But before Mr. Bean could grab it, the ticket came loose. Then it got jammed in the wheel of a baby carriage. Next the ticket got stuck on the foot of a chicken!

I got off the bus so that I could keep an eye on Mr. Bean. He disappeared into the market, chasing the chicken. The bus left,

but Mr. Bean never came back. *I should have known better,* I thought and then shrugged. *At least I get to eat his ice cream.*

I didn't have any money for another bus ticket to Cannes, but luckily the traveling musicians were heading south. They were very kind and took me with them. We camped out that night and had a great time.

The next morning the musicians took me to a café for lunch. I couldn't believe it! Mr. Bean was sitting in the café. *How did he get here?* I wondered. I was happy to see him. I went right up to him and slapped him in the face! After all—it was how we said hello to each other!

Without a word, Mr. Bean told me all that had happened to him. He pretended to ride a bicycle, strut like a chicken, march like a soldier, and then he pretended to be asleep. I wasn't sure what chickens riding bicycles past sleeping soldiers had to do with ending up in the café, but by now I knew anything was possible with Mr. Bean.

I told Mr. Bean (in Russian, of course) about camping with the musicians. "They played music all night. I was dancing," I said. I wanted to show him. "Play," I told the musicians.

The musicians played, and I danced. Mr. Bean joined me. Soon we had the entire café dancing with us.

I left the café with Mr. Bean and his new friend, Sabine. She was French. We all squeezed into her tiny car. We both asked Mr. Bean a lot of questions. Mr. Bean answered them all by saying *"oui,"* and I learned that Sabine was Mr. Bean's girlfriend.

# Chapter 7

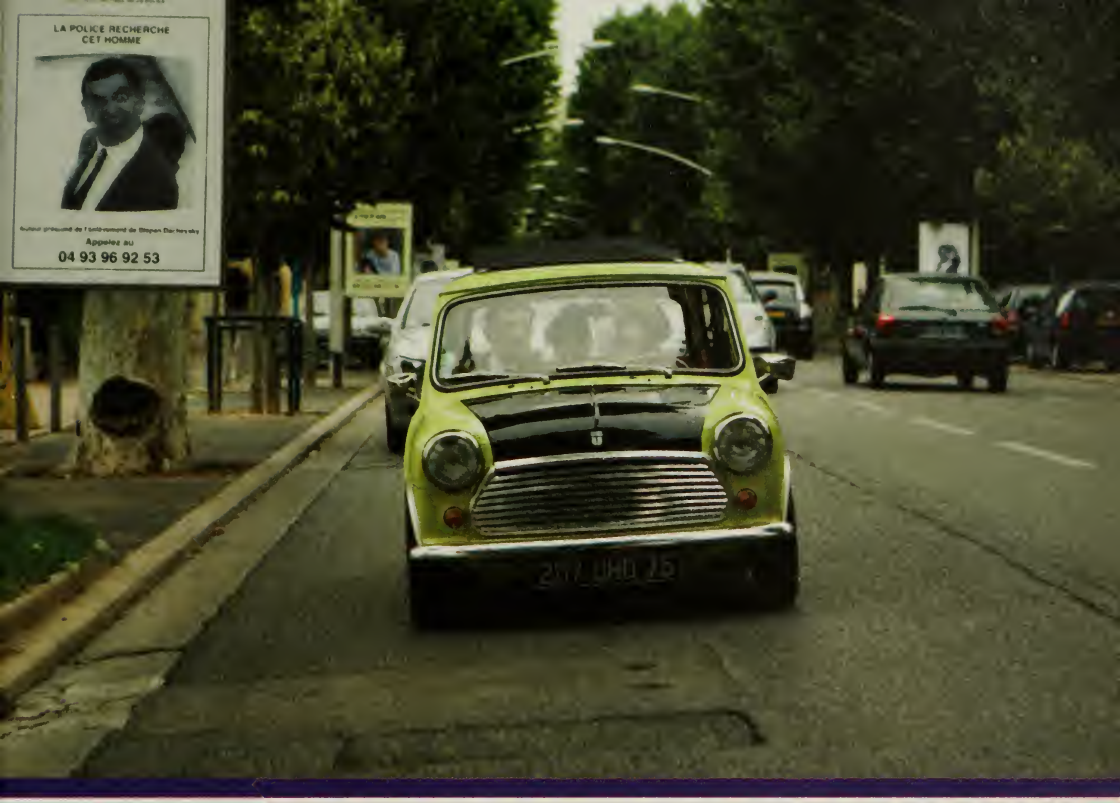
We spent the whole day driving south. Mr. Bean showed me the video playback of our adventure. *This film is great,* I thought. *I can't wait to show Papa.*

After a few hours, I fell asleep in the back of the car. Mr. Bean drove all night. I don't know how he did it, but when I woke up the next morning we were parked next to the sea. Finally! I filmed Mr. Bean, and he filmed me. We were both so happy.

But we couldn't enjoy the view for very

long. Sabine was an actress with a small part in a movie that was opening at the festival in Cannes. I was sure that Papa would be at the opening. After all, he was one of the judges. But we didn't have much time to get there.

We also didn't have much gas. We stopped at a station. Sabine went to the bathroom to change for the movie premiere. She had lots of clothes and makeup in the car.




The television news was playing at the gas station. It turned out that everyone in France was looking for me. The police thought Mr. Bean had kidnapped me, and that Sabine was helping him.

But one look at Mr. Bean, and Sabine knew he wasn't a kidnapper. She decided to get us all to the festival. Once we were there, Sabine could go to the premiere, I could find Papa, and Mr. Bean could finally get to the beach.

But there were roadblocks set up outside the festival. We'd have to get past the police to get to the theater. *Uh-oh,* I thought. *If we're recognized, we'll be arrested.*

Sabine started to panic. "The police!" she cried in French. "What will we do? I don't know what to do."

If we were ever going to make it, Sabine had to calm down—so I slapped her (I'd had lots of practice on Mr. Bean). It worked. Sabine calmed down right away and she came up with a plan.

Sabine had lots of wigs and clothes in her car. She told us to put on disguises. Did I mention that she only had *girls'* clothes? I put on a long orange wig, some sunglasses, and a really ugly poncho. *I'm glad no one from school can see me like this,* I thought. Mr. Bean dressed like an old lady with high heels and a big black purse.

At the roadblock, Sabine told the police officer that I was her son and Mr. Bean was

her mother. And he believed her! Sabine showed the officer her ticket for the movie premiere, and he let us go through.

When we arrived at the theater, Mr. Bean and I were not allowed in—Sabine had only one ticket. But that couldn't stop two girls—uh, guys—like us. Still in our costumes, we snuck around to the back of the theater.

We heard music. A security guard at the back door was listening to a radio. Mr. Bean and I smiled at each other. It was time for another great performance. Mr. Bean picked me up and carried me in his arms. I pretended to be dying. When the guard came to see what was wrong, Mr. Bean used his purse to knock out the guard!

We slipped backstage and took off the costumes. The film had already started.

Peering out from behind the curtain, I saw my parents in the audience.

"Mama! Papa!" I whispered, and pointed them out to Mr. Bean.

I looked at my father's face. I could tell he was bored already. The film starred some American actor named Carson Clay. Papa had said before that Carson Clay films were terrible.

Mr. Bean got me a chair and patted it. I sat down. He wanted me to watch the film, and then go back to my parents. That would give him enough time to slip away. I nodded to show I understood. He waved good-bye.

I couldn't help it. I ran after Mr. Bean and gave him one last slap in the face. Mr. Bean slapped me back. Then we both smiled at each other. Mr. Bean walked out the door.

*That's the last time I'll ever see him,* I thought.

I was wrong.

# Chapter 8

I couldn't see the Carson Clay film from where I was sitting, so I watched the audience instead. I saw Sabine. She was crying. *Why is she so upset?* I wondered. Then I peeked around the screen and saw Sabine on it. It was odd, because her scene didn't look anything like the rest of the movie. In fact, it looked like a shot from Mr. Bean's video camera. But how could that be?

The film kept cutting between Mr. Bean's video and Carson Clay's film. It was hilarious. Carson Clay would say something serious and then the film would cut to Mr. Bean with a lobster hanging out of his mouth, marching like a soldier, or dancing his terrible dances. And I even saw myself on the screen. I was a movie star! This was great!

I could hear noise coming from the projection room. I didn't know what was going on up there, but it sounded like trouble. And trouble usually meant Mr. Bean was nearby.

Sure enough, I soon saw Mr. Bean climbing out the tiny projection room window. Carson Clay was trying to get him. *I guess he didn't like the changes Mr. Bean made to his film,* I thought. I couldn't imagine why. The film was much better now.

Mr. Bean managed to squeeze through the window, but now he was dangling over the seats of the audience in the back row.

*How long can he hold on?* I wondered. Not very long, it turned out. Mr. Bean fell with a crash. People whirled around. No one knew what was going on.

Mr. Bean headed for the stage as two security guards chased him. Sabine tripped one of them and then she headed for the stage, too. Mr. Bean's video was still playing on the movie screen.

When Mr. Bean reached the stage, I saw Papa stand up. He pointed at Mr. Bean and shouted, "He stole my son!"

Papa ran onto the stage. "Where is he? Where is my son?" he called.

I looked up and saw a picture of me in front of the sea. I got up and walked out onto the stage. The guards were about to grab Mr. Bean.

"No!" I shouted in English. I looked at Mr. Bean and smiled. "He is my friend."

The audience was surprised to see that I hadn't been kidnapped. But I think Mr. Bean was the most surprised of all.

"You speak English?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered. I smiled. After all, Mr. Bean had never asked before.

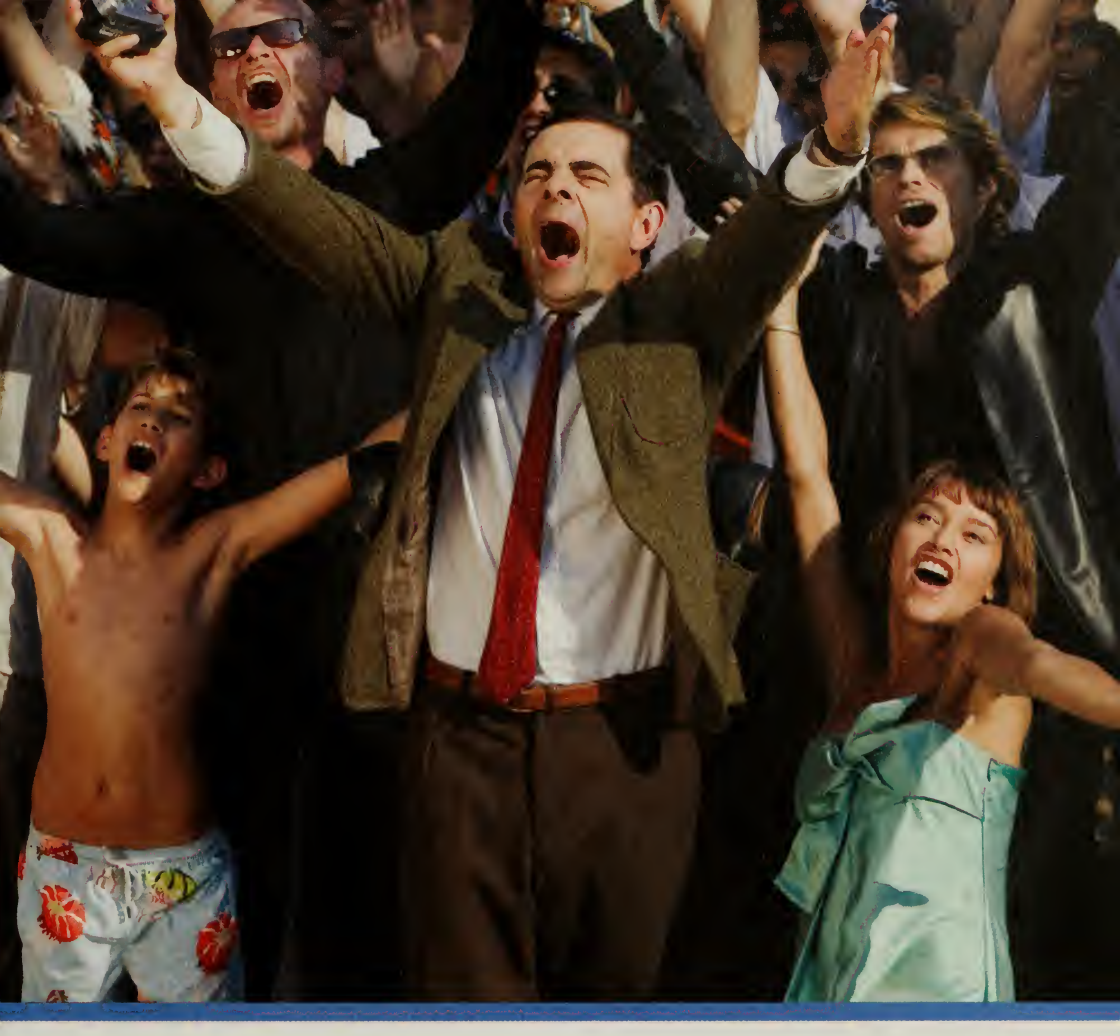
When the film ended, the audience members got to their feet and cheered. *It was probably the best Carson Clay movie any of them had ever seen,* I thought.

Mr. Bean was the only one who wasn't happy—yet.

We'd been all over France together, but Mr. Bean still hadn't made it to the one place he truly wanted to go—the beach. The ocean was just a few steps away, and Mr. Bean couldn't wait any longer. He had to get there as fast as possible.

Mr. Bean marched right over to the auditorium doors and pushed them open. We all watched in amazement as he walked out into the sunshine and then

stepped off of the balcony onto a tall truck parked below. Then he stepped on a smaller truck, then a car, and then an ice-cream cart! Mr. Bean had made his own set of stairs right down to the beach. He stepped off of the ice-cream cart and wiggled his toes in the warm sand with a smile. *Cool,* I thought.



"Can we go to the beach now?" I asked Mama and Papa. Wherever Mr. Bean went, fun followed. I didn't want to miss a second of it. They laughed and said yes. So we followed Mr. Bean down to the beach with Sabine, the musicians, and even Carson Clay.

Everyone had a great time—especially Mr. Bean. We splashed and swam in the water, sung songs, and made a super-cool sand sculpture of a car just like Sabine's!

This was the best vacation ever—all thanks to my new friend, Mr. Bean!

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## Stefan's Story

**Stefan's the luckiest boy in the world—after all, he gets to go to a film festival at the beach with his famous father. But Stefan's good luck suddenly goes out the window when he and his father get separated. Come along for a wacky adventure as Stefan tries to find his way back to his father with the world's strangest traveling companion—Mr. Bean!**

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